

and a sense of adoration-This afternoon I read and wrote for a while-then took a short walk around the Island-Nothing doing this evening so I shall get to bed early. Good night, dearest-I love your Sunday letters & I shall wait eagerly for this one.

MONDAY-Aug. 14-Dear dear wonder heart-oh SUCH a letter from you this morning-written Friday evening by your window-Darling you do write such wonderful letters-Full of spirit-The ink glows like phosphorous-such a beautiful spirit pervades everything you write-I went over to Seal Harbor alone to get your letter for I felt such one would be there-This afternoon I have done nothing much-very hot and foggy today-it must be very hot in N.B.-I went down to the dock and watched the gulls for a while-it was too hot to walk-This evening we have been to the Islesford P. O. for some ice cream-& now (9:30) I am getting to bed-I need a good walk as I feel heavy and loggy-a slight headache-I will walk tomorrow if weather permits-Good night my own precious gypsy.

N.B.-Darling-wonder-heart- To-day I sent you a letter that means much to us-I mean the one in which I told you I had gotten a telegram from a private detective I told you about-to the effect that he had proof that settles Ian Smythe definitely-and for all time-he will not try to bother you again!

TUESDAY-Aug. 15-You know to-day's story pretty much already dear heart-I wanted a walk so very much & saw an opportunity to be alone with you that I started off in the morning to Seal Harbor-bought some post cards and sent them to you-then I walked up Penetie Mt. & stayed at the top about 3 hours-reading & dreaming of you & saying "where are you now?" I know you must have felt me very near you all day-I came down about 3:30-stopped at Jordan Pond House-had tea & got a sweet pea for you-then I returned to Islesford reaching there about 6-in the evening I write to you so that I can get the letter in the early morning mail-Good night beloved. The days are passing-10 more & D.V. I will be in your arms and hold you close in my arms.

WEDNESDAY-Aug. 16-Oh so hot today my dear heart. I do hope you are not having this weather in N.B.-so hot and sultry not to leave the Island today but get to work on my post cards for the Parish. So I worked on them nearly all the morning-reading a little in between times-This afternoon I worked on them a little, too & walked around the Island. About five thunder clouds came up and now we are having a smart shower. Your Sunday letter came today-It was a real good letter dear-but really I could hardly keep from smiling-It was so very formal & not like my gypsy at all-but it was my wonder heart in the lovely things you said. But darling-I do love the "babykins" and the "dearest" & it isn't YOU without them-Good night darling I will write to you then work on more post cards.

THURSDAY-Aug. 17-I took my lonely swim in Bubble Pond-so lonely, too-sunset on the pond & it gave me melancholy forebodings-the water was red under the sinking sun & then gold-then nervous-yellow-water. You realize blind devotion appeals under true love-so I'm in Eve's Eden this day. Lights are brighter yonder. From the one you have made see rightfully his colorless past-now & forever thine.